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Poetry.

For the Chronicle.

FANNIE DARLING.

BY EMMA.

Night steals on, but twilight lingers,
The dim shadows quiet lie,
And the sunset-clouds are floating
Dreamily across the sky.

And then floods of pale, sweet moonlight
Bathe the gentle sleeping flow'rs,
While into my heart is stealing
Starlight dreams of childhood's hours.

Bright y now the dew-drops glitter,
And the beauteous spangles rest
On the rose, the azure bluebell,
And the lily's snowy crest.

While fond Nature's tears are falling,
Shadows gather 'round my heart;
Yet my soul has naught of sadness,
Though the tears unbidden start.

But sometimes when I am dreaming
Of our Fannie dear, who died
When the long, bright days were gliding
Swift but silent, down time's tide.

Then a shadow deep will wrap me,
And a moisture dim my eyes,
Though I know that one so holy
Must be happy in the skies.

Oh I fancy that, while gazing
Upwards to the starry sky,
Fannie's face is on me smiling,
That she calls me from on high.

Sometimes when I grow world-weary
And my labors would resign,
She is near me with a blessing
And her spirit answers mine.

Then is driven away all sadness,
Then my soul forgets unrest,
Then I hear those angel whispers—
Earth seems Heaven—I am blest.

Braceville, O.

[From the London Spectator.]

THE SONG OF THE RAIN.

Lo! the long slender spears, how they quiver and flash,
Where the clouds send their cavalry down;
Rank and file by the million the rain-lances dash
Over mountain and river and town:
Thick the battle-drops fall—but they drip not in blood;
The trophy to war is the green fresh bud:
Oh, the rain, the plentiful rain!

The pastures lie baked, and the furrow is bare,
The wells they yawn empty and dry;
But a rushing of waters is heard in the air,
And a rainbow leaps out in the sky.
Hark! the heavy drops pelting the sycamore leaves,
How they wash the wide pavement, and sweep from the eaves!
Oh, the rain, the plentiful rain!

See, the weaver thrown wide his one-swinging pane,
The kind drops dance in on the floor;
And his wife brings her flower-pots to drink the sweet rain,
On the step by her half-open door:
At the tune on the sky-light, far over his head,
Smiles their poor crippled lad on his hospital bed.
Oh, the rain, the plentiful rain!

And away, far from men, where the high mountains tower,
The little green mosses rejoice,
And the bud-beaded heather nods to the shower,
And the hill-torrents lift up their voice:
And the pools in the hollows mimic the fight
Of the rain, as their thousand points dart up in light:
Oh, the rain, the plentiful rain;

And deep in the fir-wood below, near the plain,
A single thrush pipes full and sweet;
How days of clear shining will come after rain,
Waving meadows, and thick-growing wheat:
So the voice of Hope sings, at the heart of our fears,
Of the harvest that springs from a great nation's tear:
Oh, the rain, the plentiful rain!

Choice Miscellany.

NAPOLEON'S MERCY.

Napoleon was conversing with Josephine, when one of his officers entered and announced a young woman from Lyons.

"What is her busines with me?"

"Some petition," answered De Merville, the officer.

"Show her into our presence," said he.

The officer soon re-appeared with a lady leaning upon his arm, whose face, as much as could be scanned through the thick folds of a veil, was very beautiful.

She trembled as she approached the door.

"Madamoiselle," whispered her guide kindly, pressing her hand, "take courage, but answer promptly whatever the Emperor proposes, he detests hesitation." Then ushering her into the spacious apartment, he bowed and retired.

The trembling girl, on seeing Napoleon, on whom her fondest hopes depended, forgot herself and her timidity—she thought only of another. Throwing herself at the feet of Napoleon, she exclaimed, in a voice choked with emotion:—"Mercy, sire! I sue for mercy and pardon." She could articulate no more.

Josephine stepped from behind her partial concealment, and then approaching the ground, contributed more by her sympathizing words of encouragement, to restore the courage of the young petitioner, than even the Emperor, by the graciousnes of his manner, as he bid her arise.

"Your petition, mademoiselle," said he.

Henriette Armond (for that was her name) looked imploringly at the Emperor, and exclaimed—"Ah, sire, I ask pardon for Louis Delamarre, who is condemned to be shot on to-morrow! Oh! sir, grant him your royal pardon!"

A cloud gathered on the brow of Napoleon, as he interrupted her with—"A deserter, mademoiselle, he has twice deserted. No—he must be made an example for the rest of the regiment!"

"The cause of the desertion," cried Henriette in agony; "he was compelled to join the army against his will."

"What was the cause of his desertion?" interrupted Napoleon.

"Two weeks since," answered Henriette, "he received news that an only remaining parent, a mother, sir, was on her death-bed, and longed, day and night, to behold her son again. Louis knew that relief or release from his post was impossible. His mind was filled with one thought—that she might close her eyes forever, ere they rested on a son she loved so fondly."

"Did she die?" asked the Empress, with interest.

"No, madame," replied Henriette, "she at last recovered. But hardly had Louis received her blessing, been folded in her arms, ere he was torn from her grasp by the officers of justice and dragged hither. O! must he die? Mercy, sir, I beseech you."

"Mademoiselle," said Napoleon, apparently softened, "this was the second offence; name the first; you omitted that."

"It was—" said Henriette, hesitating and coloring, "It was—that he heard I was to marry Conrad Ferant, whom I detest as he does," answered Henriette, with naivette.

"Are you his sister, that he feels so great an interest in your fate?" asked the Emperor.

"O, sire," cried Henriette, "consider the anguish of his widowed mother, and recollect that the affection of her son for her is the cause of his death. What," she continued—"can I do to save him?" and the poor girl, forgetting the presence of royalty, burst into tears. The kind-hearted Josephine glanced at the Emperor, with eyes expressive of pity and sympathy. She noticed the workings of his face, and felt at once it was very uncertain whether Louis Delamarre was to be shot the next morning.

Napoleon approached the weeping girl. She hastily looked up and dried her tears.

"Mademoiselle," said he, "would you give your life for his? Would you die, could Louis Delamarre be restored to life, liberty and his mother?"

Henriette started back, deadly pale, looked fixedly at the Emperor, for a moment, then turning away, she buried her face in her hands.

After a silence of some minutes, Henriette looked up, an air of fixed determination rested upon her face. "I am willing," she said, in a very low voice. Napoleon looked at her in surprise, as if he had not anticipated so ready an answer to his proposal. "I will see you again," said he; "in the meantime, accept such apartments for your accommodation as I shall direct."

As soon as the door closed upon the fair petitioner, Napoleon walked to the window against which Josephine was leaning, and said—"I see how it is; Louis Delamarre is the lover of this girl."

"True to woman's nature, she has braved difficulty and danger to beg for his release."

"How strong must be this love she bears for him," said the Empress.

"Ah!" returned he, "I have a mind to subject the same to a severe test.—Much I doubt whether she will give her life for him. Nevertheless, I will see."

"Sure," cried Josephine, you are not serious. Louis certainly can be pardoned without the death of Henriette."

Napoleon drew her nearer the window,

* * * * *

Henriette stood alone in a magnificent apartment. Hours passed unobserved, so intensely was she absorbed in reverie; a small folded paper was grasped tightly in her small hand. On it were traced these words: "A deserter is condemned by the laws of the army to suffer death. If you wish Delamarre restored to liberty, the means are in your power. Ere day dawns he may be on his way to join his mother, whom he so much loves."

"Ah!" murmurred Henriette, "do not I love him too?" Pressing her hands upon her heart as if to still its tumultuous beating, she paced the apartment. Merville entered. He paused ere he articulated "Madamoiselle."

"I am ready," replied Henriette; "my decision is made."

De Merville appeared to comprehend the import of her words. He looked upon her in reverence as well as admiration, as she stood with the high resolve impressed upon her beautiful brow.—"Follow me, Mademoiselle," said he.—They traversed long corridors and numerous suits of superb apartments, and descending a long stair-case, quickly reached an outer court communicating with the guard-house. Entering this, Henriette was ushered by her guide into a small apartment, where she was soon left to herself.

On a chair was flung a uniform of the regiment to which Louis belonged. On the table lay a large plumed cap.—Henriette comprehended all in a moment. Quickly habiting herself in the uniform, she stood before the mirror, and gathering up her beautiful brown tresses in a knot, placed the cap upon her head.—She almost uttered a cry of joy at the transformation. She knew that she was to be led to the fatal ground at the morning's dawn. The bullet was cast which would have struck Louis to the heart, but she shrank not back. Love triumphed over the timid woman's nature.—"Louis's mother will bless me in her heart," she whispered. "Louis will never forget me. Ah, often has he sworn that he loved me better than all things beside." Drawing a lock of raven hair from her bosom, she pressed it to her lips, and she then breathed a prayer to Heaven.

Morning dawned. The sound of footmen aroused Henriette. She started—grasped the band of hair, awaiting the summons. The door opened, and two soldiers entered, repeating the name of Louis Delamarre; they suddenly led her forth to die. The soldiers, whose bullets were to pierce the heart of Louis, had taken their stand, and only waited the word of command from the Emperor, who was stationed at the window commanding a view of the whole scene.

"Oh," cried Josephine, who stood by him, but concealed by the window drapery from the view of those below, "Oh, sire, I can not endure it any longer, it seems too much like a dreadful reality. Mark the devoted girl. No shrinking back. See, she seems calmly waiting the fatal moment."

"Stop," cried the Emperor, from the window, "Louis Delamarre is pardoned, I revoke his sentence."

A loud burst of applause from the lips of the soldiers followed this announcement. Not one of them but loved and respected their comrade. The next moment, ere they could press around the supposed culprit, Louis De Merville had eagerly drawn the bewildered Henriette through the crowd, back to the cell from which she had emerged but a few moments before.

"Resume your dress again, Mademoiselle," hurriedly whispered he. "Lose no time. The Emperor wishes to see you. I will return soon."

Henriette was like one in a dream, but a gleam of delicious hope thrilled her soul; she felt the dawning of happiness break upon her heart. Soon again resuming her pretty rustic habiliments, De Merville reappeared, and once again she trod the audience room of the Emperor. Lifting her eyes from the ground as the lofty door swung open, she beheld Louis. An exclamation of joy burst from the lips of both, as, regardless or others, they rushed into each other's arms.

Napoleon stepped forward. "Louis Delamarre," said he, "you have just heard from my lips the tale of this lovely girl's devotion and courage. Do you love her as she deserves?"

"I could die for her," answered Louis, with pride.

"Well, well," cried the Emperor, "this severe test of one will suffice. So dutiful a son, so faithful a lover, will doubtless make the best of husbands.—You, Lieutenant Louis Delamarre, are discharged from your regiment. Return to your native valley, with Henriette as your bride."

"Here—" said the benevolent Josephine, emerging from the recessed window, "there are one hundred louis-d'ors as the marriage dowry of Henriette."

A charming blush suffused the cheek of the beautiful girl, as she received the purse from the hand of the Empress.

"Long live Napoleon." exclaimed Louis, as with a heart too full of grateful emotion for further utterance, he took the hand of Henriette, and making a graceful obeisance, quitted the apartment.

The Star Gazers.—Venus can now be seen at about noon, with the naked eye, if the atmosphere is very clear. She will be on the meridian at about 2½ o'clock, P. M., at a point four degrees south of the equinoctial line. She reaches her greatest brilliancy on the 25th inst. Jupiter is now the most conspicuous glory of night. He passes the meridian a few minutes after midnight, running in a declination of 13 degrees south. Saturn is visible in the latter portion of the night, rising at about one o'clock in the high northern declination of 22 degrees. Mars gets up just before daylight, and is consequently invisible. Those whose eyes or glasses are good enough, may peep at Herschel very early in the morning, as he rises about midnight away in the northeast, his declination being about 18 degrees north.

Henry Ward Beecher says: "Dress don't make the man, but when a man is made, he looks a great deal better dressed up."

From the Clarksville Tobacco Plant.

EXTRAORDINARY MARRIAGE.

Our readers will remember that some time since we stated that it was very usual for ladies to institute suits for breach of marriage promise, but that no instance of such a suit, in which the gentleman was the plaintiff, had fallen within the range of our observation or reading. The following facts may lead to such a denouement:

'Squire John Bradsher, of Person county, North Carolina, had been a widower for only a few months. After the loss of his partner he felt sadly oppressed with the unwonted loneliness of his situation, and naturally fell into the habit of visiting a Miss Franky Lea, of the neighborhood, by way of dispelling his gloom. It is not in human nature for two persons of opposite sexes, with warm impulses and throbbing hearts, to associate constantly and intimately, without becoming strongly attached, one to the other. The thought at first, perhaps entered the brain of neither. But Miss Franky, as is the saying, had the quills. Twelve thousand was her dowry. This, with other attractions, (for, mind you, she was only fifty-seven,) operated like magic upon the ardent nature of the 'Squire, who, though in his seventieth year, was rejuvenized by the inspiration of Miss Franky's smile. He, therefore, found no difficulty in making up his mind to marry her if he could.—He proposed—she accepted. The morning of Saturday, the 14th July, just passed, at 8 o'clock, was fixed upon for the marriage. The 'Squire procured his license, paid an extra price for it, in view of the expected accession to his wealth; employed a parson, rigged himself off in a suit of black, and made every other imaginable preliminary arrangement for the ceremony which was to consummate his bliss.

The daughters of Mr. Samuel Johnson, another widower of the neighborhood, were invited to the wedding.—Johnson was only 57—Miss Franky's age exactly. They had been children together; and while they were both quite young they had loved. He was not satisfied that she and the 'Squire should marry. On Friday evening, the day before the expected wedding, seeing a neighbor passing his house, he hailed him. The neighbor found Johnson very much excited and disturbed. Johnson stated to him that he could not bear the thought of Miss Franky's marrying 'Squire Bradsher, and that he wanted him to go to Miss Franky at once and say to her for him that if she preferred marrying him to 'Squire Bradsher, she could do so. The neighbor insisted on his writing to her a letter to this effect, offering to deliver it.

"No," says he, "I am entirely too nervous to hold a pen. You must go and deliver the message."

Finally he consented, and repaired to Miss Franky's residence, charged with this message of love. Miss Franky, in reply, authorized him to say to Mr. Johnson, that if he would get ready to marry her at sunrise, the next morning, she would marry him.

It was then late in the afternoon.—Having no time to spare, he put off under whip and spur to Roxborough, the county seat, for his license, and at the same moment started off a servant to Leasburg for a parson. The servant took care not to inform the minister what it was his master wanted with him, but only said that his services were imperatively required at sunrise the next morning.

Mr. Johnson, the minister who had been engaged to officiate, and the friend who had borne the messages of love between Miss Franky and the bridegroom, were at their post at the appointed hour. The marriage rites were performed, and Miss Franky Lea became Mrs. Franky Johnson.

An hour afterwards 'Squire Bradsher and his retinue were to come. Accordingly the bride hastily addressed a note to the 'Squire informing him that she was no longer Miss Franky Lea, but Mrs. Franky Johnson and that he need not trouble himself any further about her.

The astonished yet incredulous 'Squire could not believe the note authentic, but regarded it as a hoax, attempted to be practised upon him by some of the wild young men of his neighborhood. To settle the matter, he hastened over to see his inamorita. Arrived in her presence, he presented the note to her and inquired if she wrote it. She replied in the affirmative. Incensed at her faithlessness, he indulged (who that is mortal would not?) in bitter complaints of her ill treatment. (Johnson meantime in the next room, reclining on a sofa, cosily smoking his pipe, and listening, with more of merriment than resentment, at the imprecations heaped upon his bride. Indeed, having foiled his competitor while in the very act of plucking the fruit for which he so much yearned, he could well afford to endure the pain of a few bitter reproaches.)

After a free ebullition of his indignation, the 'Squire retired, resolved, as our informant tells us, upon a resort to the law to staunch his heart wounds, and heal, as far as possible, his bruised and lacerated affections.

Having derived these facts from undoubted authority, they may be regarded as true to the letter.

From the London Morning Chronicle.

SHOCKING TERMINATION OF A MARRIAGE IN FRANCE.

A frightful case of hydrophobia is described in the Lyons Journals, which, if the facts are correctly stated, would go to prove that the fatal malady would remain in the system as long as four years without development. A young farmer named Peyron, about twenty-five years of age, in the department of the Rhine, was married a few weeks ago, to a neighbor's daughter. The young couple had been long attached to each other; but the parents of the bride had refused their consent on account of the strangeness of conduct occasionally observed in the young man, who otherwise was a most desirable match, his parents being comparatively well off, and the son himself generally of exemplary conduct.

His passion for the girl became at length so violent that he could not exist without her, and his mother, fearing from his manner that he meditated suicide, went to the parents of the young woman, and, after some entreaty, prevailed upon them to agree to the match. Young Peyron at once recovered his spirits, the young woman was delighted, and the marriage was celebrated with all the rustic pomp and ceremony common in that part of the Provinces, concluding with a grand dinner and the inevitable ball. The gaieties were kept up until day light, when the company separated. The new married couple were lodged in one wing of the farm house, separate from the main building; but, in a short time after they had retired, cries were heard in the nuptial chamber. At first they were unnoticed; but at length they increased to fearful shrieks, and the father and mother, alarmed, hastened to the room, followed by the farm servants.

The cries were by the time they arrived changed to scarcely audible groans from the poor girl; and on breaking open the door she was found in the agonies of death—her bosom torn open and lacerated in the most horrible manner, and the wretched husband in a fit of raving madness and covered with blood, having actually devoured a portion of the unfortunate girl's breast. A cry of horror burst forth from all present, and he was dragged from the room after a most violent resistance, it taking no less than six men to hold him down. Aid was instantly sent for, and before the doctor could reach the spot, the unhappy victim was no more.

Young Peyron was put under treatment, and a straight waiscoat was ordered to be put upon him, but his struggles and screams were such that the doctor, apprehensive that he should expire in the assistant's hands, ordered them to desist. The unfortunate man had by this time became so weak that he was easily conveyed to bed, and died at four o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, without having for one moment recovered his consciousness. It was then recollected, in answer to searching questions by a physician, that somewhere about five years previously, he had been bitten by a strange dog, and taken the usual precautions against hydrophobia.

But, although the dog was killed, it had never been satisfactorily shown that it was really mad; and no ill consequences resulting from the bite, his friends concluded that it would come to nothing, and the incident had been altogether forgotten. It was considered by the doctor that the circumstances preceding the marriage and the excitement of the occasion itself had aroused the latent virus, which had so long lain dormant in the blood, and led to the terrible outbreak of frenzy which had ended so tragically.

An Irish Widder.—Last week some medical officers were called upon to examine the condition of some Irish inhabitants, situated at the bottom of Westgate Leeds. One of the medical men asked the mistress of these houses:

"Why don't you keep it cleaner?"

The reply made by the woman was that she was a poor widow and couldn't afford it.

"How long have you been a widow?" asked the doctor.

"Sure enough, your honor, for three years."

"Of what complaint did your husband die?" asked the man of physic.

"Och, he never died at all; he's run away wid another woman."

He whose soul does not sing, need not try to do it with his throat.

THE GYMNASIUM.

BY HORACE MANN.

It is pleasure a to look upon this scene when the room is filled, the apparatus in full use, and gymnasts passing round one piece of the apparatus to another, to give the requisite variety to their exercises, and to allow each different part of the body to take its turn. It is not the vigor, the agility, or the quickness; it is not the length of the leap, nor the height of the vaulting, which alone delights us in contemplating this scene. To a reflecting mind there is a deeper pleasure than could be derived from beholding any mere exhibition of strength, though it should equal Sampson's, or of fleetness, though it should emulate that of Mercury. We know that every leap and spring aid in renewing the subsistence of the body, and therefore in giving greater hilarity to the spirits, and superior vigor to the intellect. Every motion helps to construct a fortification against disease, and to render the body more impregnable against its attacks. It requires indeed no very strong imagination to see the horrid forms of the diseases themselves, as they are exercised and driven from the bodies, which were once their victims, and are compelled to seek some new tenement. Those prodigious leaps over the vaulting horse, how they kick hereditary gout out of the toes! Those swift somersets, with their quick and deep breathings, are ejecting bronchitis, asthma, and phthisic from the throat and lungs. On yonder pendant rope, consumption is hung up like a malefactor, as it is. Legions of devils are impaled on those parallel bars. Dyspepsia lost hold of its victim when he mounted the flying horse, and has never since been able to regain her accursed throne, and live by gnawing the vitals. There goes a flock of nervous distempers, headaches and tic douloureux and St. Anthony's fire; there they fly out of the window, seeking some stall fed alderman, or fat millionaire, or aristocratic old lady. Rheumatisms and cramps and spasms sit coiled up and chattering in the corners of the room, like Satanic imps, as they are: the strong muscles of the athletic having shaken them off, as the lion shakes the dew drops from his mane. Jaundice flies away to yellow the cheeks and blear the eyes of my fair young lady, reclining on ottomans in her parlor. The balancing pole shakes lumbago out of the back, and kinks out of the femoral muscles, and stitches out of the side. Pleurisy and apoplexy and fever and paralysis and death hover round; they look into the windows of this hall, but, finding brain and lungs and heart defiant of their power, they go away in quest of some lazy cit, some guzzling drone, or some bloated epicure at his late supper, to fasten their fatal fangs upon them. In the meantime the rose blooms again on the pale cheek of the gymnast: his shriveled skin is filled out, and his non elastic muscles and bones rejoice anew in the vigor and buoyancy of youth. A place like this ought to be named the Palace of Health.

CLERICAL WIT.

A New York correspondent of the Congregationalist writes: Dr. H. who is pastor of an orthodox church, has been for some time annoyed by the forwardness of a lay brother to "speak" when an opportunity was offered to the frequent exclusion of those whose remarks had a greater tendency to edification. This had been carried so far that whenever he stated that "an opportunity would be offered for any brother to offer an exhortation," had always a secret dread of the loquacious member. On one special occasion, the latter prefaced a prosy, incoherent harangue, with an account of a previous controversy he had been carrying on with the great adversary. "My friends, the devil and I have been fighting for the last 20 minutes; he told me not to speak to-night, but I determined I would; he said that some of the rest could speak better than I, but I still felt that I could not keep silent; he even whispered that I had spoken too often, and that nobody wanted to hear me, but I was not to be put down that way, but now that I have the victory, I must tell you all that is in my heart." Then followed the tedious harangue aforesaid. As they were coming out of the session room, the good pastor inclined his head so that his mouth approached the ear of the militant member, and whispered—"Brother M, *I think the devil was right!*"

The Latest Style of Pants.—A new fashion for pantaloons is about to be introduced. They are to be made so small and tight, that the wearer's legs must be melted and run in, that being the only way to get 'em on.

Never take a paper more than ten years without paying the printer, or at least sending him a lock of your hair to let him know that you are about.

TRICK BY AN U. G. R. R. OPERATOR.

One cannot help smiling at a trick played off a few days since by one of the operators on the Underground Railroad upon a law-abiding and worthy citizen, who is conscientiously opposed to the Anti-Slavery organization, and who is largely interested in the Southern trade.

The merchant was one morning passing the house of the Conductor on the Underground Railroad, and addressed him with—

"Good morning, Mr. ——. How do you do this morning?"

"Not very well," was the reply.

"Been out stealing negroes, last night," suggested the merchant.

"Oh no," was the rejoinder; "we don't need to steal them. We have more coming through who wish aid in reaching Canada, than we have means to give, and don't need to go into slave States to steal them. Would you like to see one now?"

"Where do you keep them—in your cellar?"

No, in my back room; come in and see one."

The merchant hesitated, but finally stepped towards the door of the room indicated. Just as his hand touched the door knob, the underground operator tapped him on the shoulder, and said "Everybody what sees him pays a dollar for the sight, will you?" The merchant hesitated, and the other resumed, "He needs money, and I guess you will!" at the same time pushing into the room the merchant, who found there a stout black fellow to whom he was introduced.

"He can tell you all about his adventures in getting away," said underground, and then turning to the black he prompted him, and at once ebony began.

He told who his master was, and his residence, and why he (the slave) had started for Canada.

He gave a glowing description, "a la Uncle Tom," of his hair-breadth escapes and thrilling adventures from the time he left his old home until he got into the little back room where the merchant found him. The story was interesting, and was listened to with deep attention. When it was ended the merchant got up to leave, not exactly certain, in his own mind, whether or not it was his own duty to give information to the officers and have ebony restored to his owner.

The underground operator informed him that now he had heard the story and should pay the dollar, and not wishing to be considered mean, the merchant handed it over and left the room.

Just as he got outside the house, the underground operator, winking knowingly at him, remarked, "Now go and tell this will you?"

"Why not?" said the merchant.

"Simply because you have laid yourself liable to heavy penalties, imprisonment and fine, for aiding one whom you knew to be a fugitive slave."

"But you are the aider," said the merchant.

"You did not see *me* give him anything, but after he told you who his master was, and that he was a runaway slave, I saw you give him a dollar."

The merchant saw that he was caught, and keeping his mouth closed for some days about his donation, he determined never again to meddle with U. G. R. R. operators, as those who touch pitch are very likely to be defiled thereby.—*Cin. Columbian.*

WIT.

A dispute arose between three noblemen, one Irish, one Scotch, and the other English, as to the respective traits of their respective countrymen.—A wager was laid, the Irish were the wittiest, the Scotch most cunning, and the English most frank. They agreed to walk out in the streets of London, and the first one of either nation met, should be inquired of as to what he would take, and stand watch all night in the tower of St. Paul's church; pretty soon a John Bull came along, and was accosted thus:—

"What will you take, and stand all night in the tower of St. Paul's?"

"I shouldn't want to do it short of a guinea, frankly answered Mr. Bull.

The next one accosted was a Scotchman; Sandy replied with his cunning, "And what will you give me?"

Last, but not least, Patrick was inquired of as to what he would take, and stand all night in St. Paul's tower. To which Pat wittily answered:—

"An sure, an' I think I should take a devil of a cold?" The wager was won.

"Ah!" said a mischievous wag to a lady acquaintance of an aristocratic caste, "I perceive you have been learning a trade." "Learning a trade," replied the lady indignantly, "you are very much mistaken." "Oh, I tho't by the looks of your cheeks you had turned painter."

TICKING TOO SOON.

I heard a story of Sir Charles Napier which, as "infernal machines" engage puplic attention just now, is not malapropos. When we were trying to take Boulogne in the last war, Sir Charles was a middy. A boat was sent from the ship in which he served to affix one of the "infernals" then newly invented to the side of a French vessel, and this boat was commanded by young Napier. A dark night was of course selected, and the boat duly pulled to the ship which had been pointed out as the intended victim. The gallant adventurers got close under her, and were screwing on the fatal invention which was to blow her side in and send her to the botiom, when they were hailed in the plainest English, and with sundry adjurations, for an explanation of "what they were doing there," and they discovered that they had mistaken their course, and were making earnest preparations for annihilating one of His Majesty's own ships. After this lucky escape they made another attempt. Now, these "infernals" were worked by clock-work, which were wound up and set going, and after a certain regulated time fired the fuse. The terrible machine was put into the boat, and the party struck off for the French vessel. In midcourse one of the sailors addressed Mr. Napier: "Sir, your honor, the beggar ticks." "Eh, what's that?" replied the young commander. "Beggar ticks, sir, said Jack, pulling away with the utmost composure. Napier rushed from his seat and listened, and found that by some means the clock-work had been set going, and that it might be only five minutes or five seconds before the whole party, boat and all, went to pieces. So the machine was incontinently pitched overboard, and I believe the attempt was not renewed.—*Correspondence London News.*

STOCK IN HEAVEN.

A few years ago a poor emingrat fell from a steamboat on the Ohio river and was drowned, leaving a wife and one or two small children, who were on board, in destitute and distressing circumstances. On coming into port, the case was spoken of among a number of the "river men" on the wharf, when one of them with characteristic bluntness observed, "Come, Boys, let's take a little stock in heaven," at the same time taking from his pocket a couple of dollars as a part of the contribution for the benefit of the widow. His example was followed by others, and a handsome present was the result of this impromptu exhoration.—Can we hope that like the alms of Cornelius, this act came up as a "memorial before God?" It is a glorious truth, whether our generous friend of the steamboat understood it or not, that we are privileged to take stock in heaven.—"Lay up yourselves treasures in heaven," said Christ. The poor widow who threw in two mites became a large stock-holder in heaven, and her certificate is recorded there and here. Come, let us take up stock in heaven.

Too Correct.—The Nantucket *Inquirer* tells us the following anecdote, illustrating the difficulty of speaking the English language correctly:—

A foreigner, sometime since a resident here, remarked one day to a young lady, in speaking of the cold weather, that he was up-froze. She corrected him, saying that froze-up was more proper. Soon after, on the road to Stasconset, the carriage in which he was, got upset. On his return he informed the same lady that he had been set-up—in some sections that expression would signify that he had imbibed liquor too freely.

"She has no mother." What a volume of sorrowful truth is comprised in that single utterance—no mother! Deal gently with the child. Let not the cup of her sorrow be overflowed by the harshness of your bearing or unsympathizing coldness. Is she heedless in her doings—forgetful of her duty? Is she careless in her movements? Remember, Oh, remember, she has no mother.

A Temperance lecturer descanting on the essential and purifying qualities of cold water, remarked, as a knock-down argument, that "when the world became so corrupt that the Lord could do nothing else with it, he was obliged to give it a thorough sousing in cold water." "Yes," replied a wag, "but it killed every darned critter on the face of the airth."

"I see," said a young lady, "that some booksellers advertise blank declarations for sale; I wish I could get some." "Why," asked her mother.—"Mr. G. is too modest to modest to ask me to marry him, and if I could fill a blank declaration with the question, perhaps he would sign it!"

Punch says poverty must be a woman—it is so fond of pinching.